

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1—Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
- 2—Use pen and ink, not pencil.
- 3—Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
- 4—Original stories or letters only will be used.
- 5—Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

POETRY.

The Most Wonderful Face in the World.
The most wonderful face in the world!

What a wonderful face for a child to see!

And yet, who among us would venture to say

His dear eyes are blue eyes? Or are they a gray?

And just how tall is he? And—well, just how tall?

How long are his whiskers? Please answer me that!

Now isn't it strange that this old friend of years

Should get us all mixed on just how he appears?

Why, yes, we've all seen him and known him, it seems,

In multiplied visions and manifold dreams!

We've met him by fireside, in shop and in street,

Each seeking the joy of his promises sweet.

My Santa Claus? Say, he paraded a grin

My happy young heart just went wailing in

It thrilled me completely to hear him contend

That I—of all children—was his dearest friend!

Of course we've seen faces of handsomer cost

Revealed in rare sculpture from ages long past

But no face of Legend, of Art or of Truth

Has yielded more thrills to the glad heart of Youth.

Somewhere, where the foot of old Santa appears,

Bad changes to good and smiles banish all fears.

There! Don't call me—Oh, he shrinks from a Doubt.

Leaves nothing behind him and just hurries—wait!

He loves a Believer—I've seen him go back

To give a Believer more toys from his sack

'Twas then I rejoiced to behold his old face—

He chuckled so loud that he shook the whole place.

Still, sometimes I think the old saint changes eyes

And whistles as well—just to baffle the wise!

But one thing he can't change—in spirit or style—

That joy of all ages—his Santa Claus smile!

—William Herschell in Indianapolis News.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO THE WIDE-AWAKES.

There are not many of the Wide-Awakes who are not familiar with the Christmas tree. They know it as the fir, the cedar, or the pine as it grows in the woods before it is cut down to be decorated with candles, tinsel, electric lights and loaded with gifts. Thus the Christmas tree in itself is not the object of so much interest to children hereabouts even before it is decorated as it is to those who live in the big cities where such trees do not grow or in parts of the country where they are not to be found. To all, however, it is a merry and amusing sight as it blossoms forth with its decorations and its surprise packages.

The Christmas tree is by no means an American idea in connection with Christmas. It is an ancient institution, having been popular in Europe since the middle ages at the very least while learned men disagree as to whether its real origin should be traced to the tree of life in Scandinavian mythology, or to one of the old customs of the Roman harvest festival, the Saturnalia.

The bringing of the custom to America is credited to German immigrants who brought it to Pennsylvania many years ago and perhaps also to the Dutch settlers in New York. It has gained a firm and fast hold in this country and has become thoroughly domesticated. In most of the homes where there are children, and in many where there are not, the Christmas tree is to be found with its peculiar charm. It means much in the life of every child, and it is probable that most of the boys and girls in the Wide-Awake Circle who want one will have it. But with it or without it, it is sincerely hoped that each and every one will have a Merry Christmas.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Charles S. Brown, of Eagleville—The Auto Boys' Camp.

2—Catherine C. Hayes of Norwich—The Campfire Girls in the Mountains.

3—Joseph Orzechewicz of Mansfield—The Auto Boys' Vacation.

4—Lillian Anderson of Brooklyn—The Campfire Girls at the Seashore.

5—Milton Kibbe of Eagleville—The Boy Scouts' Vacation.

6—Lucy Dugas of Versailles—The Campfire Girls on the Farm.

7—Earle M. Potter of Windham—The Boy Scout Pathfinders.

8—Carl Kimmonth of Ledyard—The Auto Boys' Race.

Winners of prize books living in the city can obtain them by calling at The Bulletin business office after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Ruth Perry of Putnam—I received the prize book you sent me entitled The Campfire Girls on the Farm, and am very much pleased with it. I have started the story and find it interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Clarence G. Young of Danielson—I thank you very much for my prize book. I have read it almost through and it is very good.

Marion Kenyon of Westerly—I have been a long time thanking you for the book. It was very nice.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Lost in the Woods.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing you a story about being lost in the woods.

One day my father and I went out in the woods to look at some trees. I left my father and went out in the woods with my dog, looking for birds' nests, when I suddenly heard someone call for help. I called back and said, "I'll soon be there." I went to my father and told him. We went in the direction where we heard the sound, in a little while

there appeared to us a young fellow with a sack on his back and a stick in his hand. He looked to be a Scout.

My father asked him why he was tramping in the woods all alone. He said he went on a hike with some Scouts and was left behind. The Scout went home with us. When he told us where he lived, my father hitched up the horse and took him to the camp where he was staying. The Scouts were glad to see him in camp.

JOSEPH ORZECHEWICZ, Age 12. Mansfield.

A Trip to Newark.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last year my mother took me to Newark. I went in many places I also went in the theater and the acts were very pretty.

There are many parks, but the street that I was on is a business street. On one side there are pushcarts and on the other side there are nice big stores. Some streets are pretty.

LILLIAN COHN, Age 9. New London.

Our Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you a letter telling you about the farm. There are many things to tell about it.

My father's farm has 250 acres. The pasture has lots of stones and trees in them, and there is a big huckleberry lot where I can go huckleberrying in the summer. The mowing lots are quite smooth but are stony to plow. In back of my house there is an orchard. I do not like to rake hay in that lot because the branches hang down too low.

On the opposite side of the road from the house is the big cow barn, with the horse barn on one end and a shed on the other. My father has three horses and 25 cows and I pitch down the hay and feed the cows every morning and night, and I run the milking machine at night. There are five calves and one bull that I raised.

I have a bicycle and I have lots of fun riding on it. One day I thought I would go to Coventry on it because my father was going there with a load of wood.

Up the road from my house is where the Johnsons live. It is fun to go up there on my bicycle and visit them. I hope you will like my letter.

CHARLES L. BROWN, Age 13. Eagleville.

Seeing the King.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a king who wanted to visit a town in the south of the United States and being anxious to see something of the country took a solitary walk. He came to a hay field where there was only a woman at work. The king asked where all the rest were. She said that they were all gone to town to see the king.

"Why didn't you go with them?" asked the king.

Oh, said the old woman, "I won't walk three days to see the king. Besides they have lost a day's work by going and I am too poor to do that with two children to feed."

The king slipped a \$10 bill in her hand and said, "Now go and rest, come back tell me that while the king goes to see the king the king came to see you."

LOUIS LAFRAMBOISE, Age 11. Brooklyn.

Enjoyed the Fair.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was just a few weeks ago that I went to a fair. I saw many cows, horses, oxen, ponies, one goat and a parade. I wish you were there to see it. They have lovely things to eat, and the winning of teddy bears and kewpie dolls. There were stores of candy and everything lovely. It was unusually good.

When we got home again a friend took me to Riverside park and the rest of the night I enjoyed myself as I did at the fair.

BEATRICE H. FULLER, Age 12. Westerly.

Should Keep Dogs at Home.

Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you about the bad dogs that are running around the country. Last Tuesday night (Dec. 7) they kept dogs going into our dock of sheep and killed one large sheep. Wednesday morning when I went out into the field I saw wool all over the ground. Then I found the sheep with her neck and back all cut up and the wool all torn off of her, and she was dead. I think dog owners ought to keep their dogs at home.

CARL A. KIMMONTH, Age 11. Ledyard.

Our Christmas Entertainment.

Dear Uncle Jed: We are going to have a Christmas play. I will tell you about it. The first scene is Fairyland. The fairies come dancing in and singing. After that comes the "King of Christmas." Stocking comes in. There will be two scenes. The boys will go after the Christmas tree and the girls will go after the presents to decorate the tree.

In the second scene Betty, Billy and Jack are three school children who will decorate the Christmas tree. After they are done decorating the tree, Father Christmas and Christmas Stocking enter.

After they are through talking the three fairies come in and dance a fairy dance. We are going to make it a very festive time.

We will do our best and make our dear teacher proud of us. All the children will have Christmas pieces and Christmas songs. The play will begin at 7 o'clock and it will end at 9 o'clock. We will have the tableau last and we will sing the Star Spangled Banner.

MILTON H. KIBBE, Age 9. Eagleville.

Making Someone Happy.

Dear Uncle Jed: I had a pleasant afternoon at my Sunday school teacher's home last Saturday. So I want to tell you about it.

One day during the week I received a pretty Christmas card from my teacher telling me to come to her house with the other boys of the class on Saturday afternoon and bring the card and other pictures, if I had any, because we were going to make someone happy by making a scrapbook for their Christmas.

I was pleased, so I found some more cards and cut out some pretty pictures from magazines so that I had 30 in all. There were four boys there and we took turns making and cutting the pictures. We did not finish, so we are going again some other afternoon.

After we finished working our teacher played the Victrola and piano and served us with cocoa and wafers. We'll have a good time.

EARLE M. POTTER, Age 8. Windham.

My Trip to New York.

Dear Uncle Jed: Here is a story that I think will please you, about my trip to New York.

One Sunday my uncle came down to my house. He asked me if I could go back to New York with him. I said, "I would have to ask my father if I could go."

So I asked my father and he said I could go. Then my uncle asked if I could stay a week, and I said I could stay over Christmas, then I could see what he was going on in New York at Christmas time. I was so glad that I could go with my uncle.

So I got myself ready and on Monday morning I said good-bye to my father and went to the station. We went to get our tickets and then we heard the train coming. So we went near the track and got aboard. It was very warm in the train, so we took off our coats and took one seat. Soon the train started and we saw men working in the field through the window. Then we saw many other things. My uncle bought me some candy and I

had a pleasant time. In eight hours we were in New York.

We got off and went to my uncle's house on Seventh-street. The number of the house was 355. My uncle took me to the moving pictures that night. I had a pleasant time. We saw cowboy pictures and the moving pictures. Then we went home and went to bed and I knew nothing more until the next morning.

GEORGE FLIHCIN, Age 12. Mansfield.

Truthfulness.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing you a story about truthfulness.

It was the day after Tom's birthday. He, with his ball, which was a gift from his granma, went out to the garden to play. But all of a sudden, with a crash, the ball went through the window.

Poor little Tom became frightened and pale, but he said to himself, "I won't tell granma because it wasn't my fault, it was the naughty old ball."

At bedtime when granma came to his room to put out the light she asked him who broke the window.

"It was I, granma," answered the little boy with a catch in his voice.

"You must remember," cautioned granma, "that truth is more precious than silver or gold."

FLORENCE WRIGHT, Age 13. Norwich.

Autobiography of a Silver Star.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will now introduce myself to you. I am the silver star that stands high on a Christmas tree.

I was born in the forest. One day I heard a noise. It sounded like a buzz. After a while I felt a snap and I was lying on the ground. I was chopped into pieces and dragged down the hillside until I rolled into the river. I then floated down the stream until I was hauled upon the bank waiting to go to the mill to be made into paper pulp. Later to be pressed between hot rollers until I was firm and dry. After that I was ready for my silver dressing which was firmly pasted on making me ready to be cut into the shape of a star to adorn some Christmas tree.

I was packed very closely into a box with ninety-nine other stars just like myself. We were taken on a long train journey to a large city. We could not tell where we were going until we arrived in a wonderful store, which was filled with toys of every description.

One day a little girl's mother came into the store and bought me. She said she wanted to surprise her little boy by putting me at the top of his Christmas tree.

The clerk wrapped me up in tissue paper. Then the lady carried me around with her, while she bought the little boy's present. When she got home she put me in a box until Christmas eve.

Christmas eve came. I was delighted. They brought me out from my hiding place and put me on the top of a fir tree that had been my friend in the woods. I watched her put the glittering balls on the tree, holding me, and the wreaths of tinsel and festoons of popcorn were also on the tree with me.

Then the lights were put on and I slept until the next morning. I was awakened by a loud shout, "Merry Christmas. Oh, mother, see the pretty star on the tree. All the day long the little boy had many visitors who all admired me.

By night I was pretty tired, having shone all the day long.

About midnight the little boy's mother took me and put me into a box to rest. I am still here anxiously waiting for another Christmas to come.

COROTHY BLACK, Age 14. Norwich.

Anticipating Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: We are going to have a Christmas play. I will tell you about it now. There are three fairies, Father Christmas, Christmas fairy, Betty, Billy and Jack.

I am going to have two Christmas pieces. The name of one is Jack Frost, and the other one is On Christmas Day. I will tell you the names of some of the other ones, too. One is the Fir Tree and another The First Christmas Tree in New England.

My mother is coming to the entertainment. We are going to have a Christmas tree and the room will be decorated with greens. The girls are going to decorate it.

My sister is going to have a piece named A Christmas Song.

The play is going to begin at seven o'clock.

ANNIE ELIZABETH SWANSON, Age 9. Eagleville.

Her Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: Christmas was drawing near, and the children were all preparing for this festival. Jessie was going to her grandmother's house and was slowly gaining her health for she had been confined to her bed, and was yet quite weak. So when the week she was completely well, she was very glad.

Then, three days before Christmas, something occurred. Her mother was taken ill and word was sent to her, "Darling Grandma, (a name given her by Jessie) do not come to get her. The little girl was terribly disappointed and at first she sobbed continually, but when the nurse told her that her mother needed quiet, she at once ceased. Then when at night she went to bed, she knelt by the window and prayed that she might have a nice Christmas and that her mamma might be better.

Christmas day dawned bright and early and grandma called to see her daughter. The nurse told her she was better and would soon be well, but that she was quite a little noise, so grandma proposed she should go home with her to which the child readily agreed.

She had a nice Christmas dinner and with all her little cousins, aunts and uncles. At night when the stars were lighted, they played games. Then the presents were delivered and admired. At night the little girl thanked her dear God for His kind love.

LILLIAN ANDERSON, Brooklyn.

A Grand Surprise.

Dear Uncle Jed: Madge, Edith and Helen had plenty of dolls to play with. They had a baby house, a pair of tams and a doll house.

Madge played keeping store, and made much play, but better than anything else they liked to dress up in their Aunt Kate's dresses and play they were Madge, Aunt Kate and Helen.

Madge did not like to lend her dresses, for they were always dusty when returned to her, and sometimes were torn, and it was a good deal of trouble to put them in the closet, for of course, they did not fit, and the dresses were long. But the kind aunt did not know how to refuse the children when they begged so hard.

"Make up your mind, Madge," Madge would always say, and then Edith and Helen would beg for trains, too.

"I wish there were trains to your own dresses," said Aunt Kate, "then perhaps you wouldn't want mine so often."

"And we wish your dresses fitted us," said Madge. "All the waists are too long."

While the little girl was speaking a bright idea came into Aunt Kate's head. Christmas was near at hand, and she had been wondering what she could give the children, for they already had more just what they needed. Now she knew just what to do. She went to her room and in her room nearly all day for two weeks and kept the door locked. The little girls could not guess what she was doing.

Christmas morning they had a grand surprise. Under the stocking of each child lay a big paste board box. Madge opened her first, and found a lovely dress of blue cashmere, which she had to wear to school. Edith had a long train at the back. The waists were a perfect fit, and there was a little bonnet to match. Edith's suit was cardinal

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KNITTED SILK TIES \$1.00 to \$6.50

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PLAIN SILK HALF HOSE \$1.00 to \$3.00
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MEN'S UNION SUITS \$2.00 to \$12.00
MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR \$2.00 to \$6.00
MEN'S COTTON UNDERWEAR \$1.00 to \$1.50

SWEATERS

MEN'S SWEATERS \$5.00 to \$20.00
BOYS' SWEATERS \$5.00 to \$11.00
LADIES' SWEATERS \$12.00 to \$20.00

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MEN'S SOFT HATS \$6.00 to \$20.00
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MEN'S CAPS \$1.50 to \$5.00
MEN'S FUR CAPS \$10.00 to \$20.00

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WOOL ROBES \$25.00 to \$28.00
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and Helen's was pink, and they had bonnet too. They could hardly wait until after breakfast, so anxious were they to dress up in their new clothes.

"You couldn't have given us anything that we would have liked better, Aunt Kate," said Madge. And Aunt Kate never again had to lend her dresses.

LUCY DUGAS, Age 11. Versailles.

My Trip to Springfield.

Dear Uncle Jed: My aunt came to visit me and decided to take me back with her. I was to start on the next morning train that left the depot at 7 o'clock, so I had to hurry and get ready. My trunk was packed in a trunk and I was so excited I could hardly eat my supper. Then mother said I must go to bed early because I would have a long journey. The next morning I woke and dressed myself as quickly as possible. My brother took us to the depot where we got tickets. Soon the train came in and I got in and took my seat. I was so happy. It took us about half an hour to reach Springfield. We got off from the cars and walked a short distance to reach a trolley car. We rode and had mother put us in the trolley. We went into the house. I sat and read awhile, then we ate dinner. About 2 o'clock we went to Forest Park. There we saw monkeys, bears, tigers, camels, buffaloes, antelopes, foxes, wolves, parrots and many other animals. We stayed until about 5 o'clock. Then we got on the trolley and rode back. My uncle came home from work soon after we got home. We ate supper and then I helped with the dishes. My uncle took me to the moving pictures. I had a grand time. I had to go home in a few days. How I did hate to leave the city. I expect to go next year.

MIRIAM PARKER, Age 12. Mansfield.

The Lion and the Mouse.

Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you about the lion and a mouse. One day a lion was fast asleep. A little mouse was playing near. He ran over one of the lion's paws, and caught the lion's tail. The mouse cried, "O, let me go, do not kill me. Some day I will do something for you." The lion said, "Ho, Ho! The idea of you doing something for me!"

But the lion let the mouse go. Not long after the lion was caught in a net the hunters had set. When he tried to get away the ropes gripped tighter.

The mouse heard the lion cry, and came running to him. And the mouse bit the ropes fast and soon they were untied.

The lion and the mouse went off and were always happy.

HORTENSE I. PHILLIPS, Age 8. Lisbon.